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on surviving son, the "Boy of Greenwood," who, in  
leaping the Strid, a common enough feat, was drawn  
back by the dog he held in leash; fell into the Wharfe,  
was "strangled by a merciless force," and seen  
no more until "he rose, a lifeless corse." "What  
is good for a brotherless bane?" asked the damaged  
forest. She brought the news to the boy's mother.

"Might not endless sorrow," said she, driving  
the truth. Then the monks of Fountains (monks)  
the erection of fair Abbey in Bolton Woods,  
to be endowed with the boy's land, when the  
monks should put up daily masses for him  
this. Down to legend, which Wordsworth  
beautiful called has made familiar, but,  
against it, stands the fact, that this boy of  
Greenwood, himself, signed the Deeds warranting  
the transfer of the lands of Bolton to Canon  
of Fountains. Dr. Whittaker, unwilling, as ever,  
to sacrifice a graceful tradition, suggests that  
the facts are probably true in the main, but  
refer to one of the two sons of Cecilia of Rievaulx  
the first Foundress, both of whom died young.  
The "Strid," the scene of Wordsworth's poem, is a  
romantic gorge about half a mile above the Abbey.  
The further history of the Abbey is marked by  
little but the repeated ravage of the Scots, who  
harassed this in common with all the  
northern Honour. It was condemned, with  
the Greater Honour, in 1540, since then, the  
lands have fallen into the hands of more  
or less noble owners. At present nearly the whole of  
Upper Wharfedale is in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire  
upto the valley, where the river into great depths, they

Proprietary

On a brow in the heart of the woods, is a ruined tower. This is Barden Tower, where the fourth Shepherd Lord of Skipton dwelt by choice, though it was a poor place compared with the great castles he owned. His father was John, Lord Clifford, the ninth Lord of the Honour of Skipton, the 'black-faced baron' who earned the title of 'Butcher' in the battle of Wakefield. Three months later, on the eve of Towton, he fell, leaving a widow & three children, whose only hope lay in flight & concealment. The family estates were confiscated, but Lady Clifford saved her two sons; the second, she sent to the Netherlands, but the eldest she carried with her to her father's estate of Londesborough in Yorkshire, where she placed him under the care of a shepherd who had married a maid out of her nursery. Here he remained until he was fourteen, when rumours reached the court that a son of the Black-faced Clifford was in hiding upon the Yorkshire moors. Thereupon, his mother had her boy brought to the village of Threlkeld in Cumberland, she having married Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, and, although he was a Yorkist —

"Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
To noble Clifford, from annoy  
Conceal'd the persecuted boy."

At last, after four & twenty years of peasant life a change came to the Shepherd Lord. The battle of Bosworth restored the house of Lancaster, & many of its partisans were reinstated. Amongst these, the Shepherd Lord emerged from his retreat amongst the Cumbrian hills, where he had spent nearly thirty years, a tenth Lord of the Honour of Skipton. His mother lived to see his joyful restoration, &c.

was fitting now into the heart of the picturesque mountain region of western Yorkshire, where Whernside, Ingleborough, & Pen-y-ghent hold their own among the mountains of England. The steep fell with crags in front of it on the south is the northern shoulder of Whernside. Two other lovely dales entirely enclose & isolate its vast mass. Spotted out on the east, Skiptondale on the west, both watered by feeder streams. Beautiful as the dales of this district are, its beauty is of a kind that can in delict, but the dales are not. grim, the great mountain masses are not-beautiful: it is impossible to draw so near to the gigantic masses of the 'backbone' of mountains effects. Seen across, the mountains rise before you barren uniform, without a tree to break the monotony. Though Whernside is the highest of this western group (2411 ft.), it yields to the other two points in power of picturqueness.

Clapham, a charming village at the foot of Ingleborough, is a good point from which to ascend the mountain. Though not a footpath from which to do it. Here Ingleborough, rises before you a compact conical mass: its summit is very clearly marked, a con with a flat cap of millstone grit, resting upon a broad tab of limestone rocks. Though really lower, it looks higher than Whernside. (Ingleborough. 2361 ft.). The limestone platform on which Ingleborough rests is everywhere pitted by caverns, sometimes, superficial openings, as the various 'Rots' & 'Holes' of Gretadale; & sometimes, penetrations into the very heart of the mountain. The most interesting of these is Clapham, or Ingleborough Cavern. This extends nearly half a mile into the recesses of the mountain.

Kirkton in Ribblesdale, on the eastern side of Ingleborough, is perhaps the <sup>best</sup> station from which to get the mountainous aspect of this principal group of fells. You are at the foot of Pen-y-ghent 20 miles away. In valley by two or three long moors, the commonest rising before you sharp & craggy, patches of heather low in the <sup>downs</sup>.

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sundries, light ragged clouts hang about the summit, then as shadow deeps the light, altogether, it is picturesquely mountainous in aspect, more or less more greyish yellow. Here you get to your left the magnificent sweeping curves of Whernside, something like a seal's back in outline. Behind is Ingleborough, always discernible by the trees planted on its broad shoulders. Higher up the valley, at Ribbleshead you may as the sun makes a sudden dip behind Whernside which gilds the western horizon - a long grey mass bringing you to the world's end.

Settle, lower down in the Ribble valley, situated in a green & fertile basin bounded by limestone scars, is a good point from which to study the Scenery of the limestone.

Further north, again, east to the east of the long dip of Ribblesdale, we have a fine group of fells above the sources & the upper course of the Wharfe - Dad Fell, Cam Fell, Weather Fell, Buckden Pike, &c. &c. lower down on Whernside, Linton's Seat, & Barlow Fell.

Another great group of fells including Great Whernside, (2,263 ft.), Little Whernside.

These are the most important of the fells & groups of fells in the mountainous north-western division. To the north-western district, on the other side of the broad Ribble basin, is a moorland region, but hardly mountainous, there being no heights above 2,000 ft. Here we pass into the millstone grit country, where the peculiar features of the limestone-caves, 'pot-holes' scars, underground streams. Of the highlands, Nidderdale's Moors, between Airedale & Wharfedale, with the Cow & Calf rocks above Routhbydding, Bailldon Moor, Otley Chevin - a remarkable isolated hill with a fine view of the Wharfe Valley - Boneworth Hill, Ingleton, &c. &c. Blackstone Edge - a dreary bounding fell between Yorkshire & Lancashire - are some of the more remarkable.

In Lancashire the fells have much in common with the Westmorland. Danby Beacon, (1,956 ft.), & Astley, (2,054 ft.) are the most conspicuous heights north of the L. & T. & the L. & T. The elevation is greater, many of the hills exceeding 1,000 ft.,

within his ancient earldom.

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Still in this the 14<sup>th</sup> century, <sup>1392</sup> this castle was the scene of a tragedy to the king. (Richard II.) His two supporters at the hands of his subjects Parliament had decreed that the king should be imprisoned for life in less lonely castles unguarded by any ~~any~~ <sup>enemies</sup> people, "spare of his Yorkshire castles - Leeds, Pickering, Thirsk, Borough, Pontefract - became in turn the prison of the deposed king. He had not been manacled like in Pontefract castle when the name of his death was made public. - Nor is no doubt at all that he died by foul means, but how, is not certainly known. According to Shakespeare, he was murdered, struggling manfully with the assassins until he was overpowered. Another story is, that he was starved, dying after eighteen days of lingering torture; & that declares that he did indeed die of starvation, but of his own will - food being duly supplied to him - unable to support the costs of his condition.

The history of Pontefract is the history of England, with some of leading events in this great story told of the North associated: as few or none which belongs peculiarly to the history of Yorkshire. In no other County as this country picturesque ruins of roofless abbeys as in Yorkshire, & nowhere did the orders for the dissolution of <sup>(1536 & 1540)</sup> the greatest houses leave such universal consternation. There were there, over eighty monasteries, great & small, in the county; & the effect of the dissolution was not only to turn the monks adrift as homeless wanderers, but to rob their labourers, an enormous

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enormous number. out-of-work, indigent  
the poor of those means of aid which modern  
institutions - the hospital, the workhouse, &  
the out-supply, but for all of which, the  
peasant of anti-Reformation days looked to  
the neighbouring monastery. The shire-country  
was thrown into confusion; starving men hopped  
from village to village, threatening masters  
made themselves heard. The peasants of Leicestershire  
were the first to rise, but it was in Yorkeshire  
that an insurrection began which soon threatened  
over the Monk. Other causes of discontent were  
at work: the people resented the curtailment of their  
holidays; the nobles, the fact that advocates of  
the reformed faith were chosen to the detriment  
of the old nobility; but, for whatever reason, noble  
people were induced to make common cause  
against the king. Men began to arm; they were  
ripe for anything, but, meantime, they wanted  
a leader.

It happened that Robert Aske, the second son of  
a Yorkshire squire of that name, having occasion  
to pass through Leicestershire, was seized by  
the rebels who compelled by their state an oath  
of fellowship in their movement. He returned to  
Yorkshire, still uncertain as to his own wishes  
with regard to this movement, but, then, to his  
surprise, he found all men astir, & all  
waiting for him. A letter had been sent mag  
to the county in his name calling upon the people  
to depend to Church. There was nothing for it  
but he must lead the rebels, whom promptly  
in great force in the common of Market-Wrighton.

Nobles & peasant alike flocked in every  
town.

Septem<sup>ber</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>

moorland the North York Moors - a chalk ridge called the Yorkshire Wolds, which runs north from the Humber. Between the Wolds & the North York Moors is the lovely Vale of Pickering. Sledmere, low & level, lies <sup>between</sup> ~~between~~ the Wolds & the sea, which is <sup>now</sup> ~~carrying~~ <sup>to the</sup> sea, which is carrying it away year by year.

Yorkshire is divided into three Ridings or Thirdings, as perhaps the word means in the North. East Riding, corn is grown & cattle are reared. West - the West Riding, the beautiful mountain country, is one of the busiest manufactorying districts in England. A great coal field reaches up so far from Nottingham as far as Leeds & Bradford. & scattered about the coal district are the tall chimneys of many factories, for this corner of Yorkshire is the seat of the oldest & most renowned famous of British manufacturers - Ross of Wollaston & Wm. H.

that could now not better than to put  
privately all together into the hands of God and  
that I will moderate all for His child. It is a  
large, unhappy room to our Father's day by  
day, when by now, for the sweet peace of God's  
judgment, we have a good rest. How  
people would catch us, stage with wonder and  
doubtless think. My need is great, <sup>and</sup> I spend my time  
at all else, as useless, as each hour? Only  
because we are hopelessly poor creatures,  
eager to have something from our Father, to  
turn out that this is some special reason  
we should be excused for our wrong doing, or  
rewarded for our little efforts; we cannot be  
content that God should treat us just as He treat  
everybody else. How hearts are sick and chaffed  
but we cannot understand that the great Father  
has as much love for each <sup>child</sup> of his innumerable  
family as the child will give us here in earth;  
and, how cannot trust God and cannot  
live as we used, & how great hope is that we  
shall be able to prove to the Almighty that we have  
deserved well at his hands - at any rate better  
than we poor created ones did for little <sup>children</sup> to  
be treated as we. Alas, poor things! while  
wees as long up for ourselves, & the got and  
let this past alone, it would be cold out of  
a man's heart as a surgeon would be  
deadly, for one of his patients. The man truly  
will firmly believe we can go alone &  
God leaves him & manna to try. He better  
lets an expert learning to salt, and then, to  
fall, a shameful fall. There is no sin that a man  
may not fall into if God leaves him to himself,  
and then a man's hard though lots of good, &  
long, at the first ~~loss~~ <sup>fall</sup> there is the ~~fall~~ <sup>loss</sup> when  
in such he needed! Light weeks in open  
air, he sees himself as he is & finds in <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
there's one to <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~

But you

century work which would seem then included a general renovation. The final effort was to sixteenth century perpendicular tower which is rather a delight to the west front. The nave, having been reserved at the dissolution for the use of the 'Saxons here' is still the parish church. Grasses & creeping plants wave in the windows falling to the walls of the beautiful choir, which is entirely a ruin. Bolton is poor in monuments: opening out of the nave is a chancel, where,

"Face to face, stand by hand  
The Claphams & Mawlesmers stand;

at least, tradition has it - that the sons of these two northern houses elected to be buried standing. There are no remains of the Claphams, with the fortunes of whose house those of the Abbey were a good deal involved. The whole of the cloister quadrangle, with refectory, dormitory, chapter-house, &c. has been destroyed. The battlemented gateway of the ancient Abbey has been expanded into the present dwelling, house a shooting box used by the Dukes of Devonshire, (the owners of property) during two or three weeks of the season.

The interest of the graveyard, which is the Valley's burying ground, centres in the charming legend of 'The White Doe of Rydalstone': the story runs that, shortly after the dissolution, a white doe was wont, every Sunday, to appear in the Abbey churchyard amongst the worshippers; then she would remain during the service, & when the congregation dispersed, would depart with the rest betaking herself to Ambleside, in the valley of the River after

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fls near the course of the Wharfe. "This incident awakes, the fancy," says Dr. Whitaker: who also says, Carr, a late Prebend of Boller who devoted himself solely to opening up, with singular tact of judgment, the beauties of the words felt that much might be made yet in the hands of a poet; he strewed the passage in Whitaker's history of Braden to Wordsworth, at the same time suggesting that the story might be worked in with the fortunes of the Bostons of Rylestone, whose name was carried in the rebellious banner as the 'Rising of the North'; we have the result in 'The White Doe of Rylestone,' the companion poem to the scenery of Boller, as is 'The Lady of the Lake' to that of Lake Katrine. Wordsworth follows the fair ballad of 'The Rising of the North,' rather than historical fact, when he says,

'Well, Norton, a man eight good sons  
They durst not to die: -'

The story of the rebellion of 1569 is briefly as follows: The suggestion of marriage between Mary Queen & the Duke of Norfolk led to a general rising in the eastern counties in support of Norfolk & in the north, when the great lords were Catholics & anxious to restore the old religion. Nearly all the great Yorkshire families are concerned in the rising, <sup>notably</sup> the Bostons of Norton Conyers & Old Richard Norton was the man forward in this movement, because, more than thirty years before, he had taken an active part in the rising known as the 'Religious War.' The rebels meant to restore the old religion, seem to recognition of Mary as mere heir to the throne, its being about the overthrow, & possibly, the death of Cecil. Norfolk gets into the hands of the forenamed 'not the northern lords, determined to act without him.'